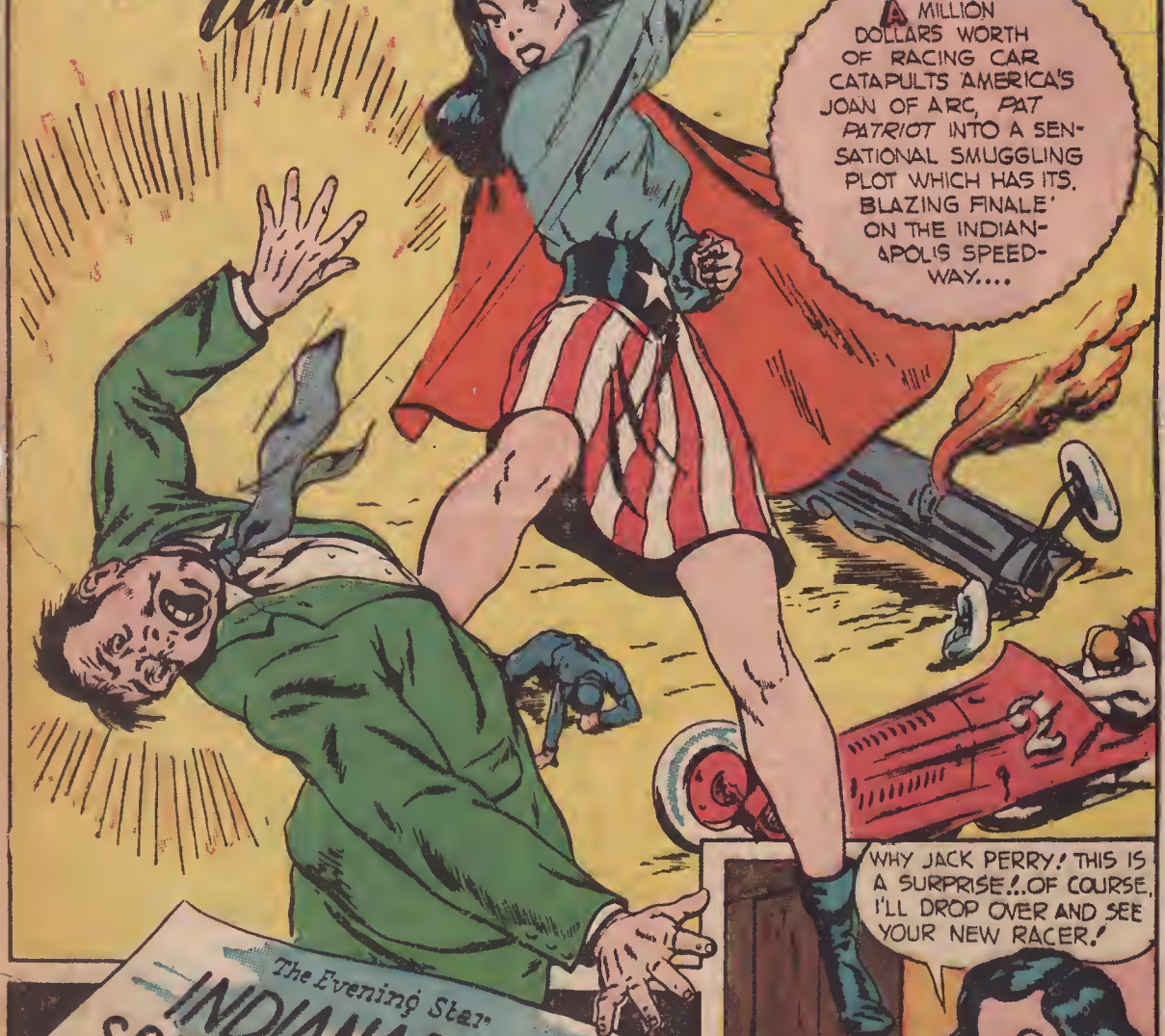


PAT PATRIOT

America's Joan of Arc

A MILLION DOLLARS WORTH OF RACING CAR CATAPULTS AMERICA'S JOAN OF ARC, PAT PATRIOT INTO A SENSATIONAL SMUGGLING PLOT WHICH HAS ITS BLAZING FINALE' ON THE INDIANAPOLIS SPEEDWAY....



The Evening Star
INDIANAPOLIS SPEEDWAY OPENS TOMORROW
SPORTS
JACK PERRY, YOUNG HEIR TO SOAP FORTUNE ENTERS WITH MYSTERY CAR FROM EUROPE

WHY JACK PERRY! THIS IS A SURPRISE!..OF COURSE, I'LL DROP OVER AND SEE YOUR NEW RACER!



THAT AFTERNOON PAT PATRIOT RECEIVES A CALL.....



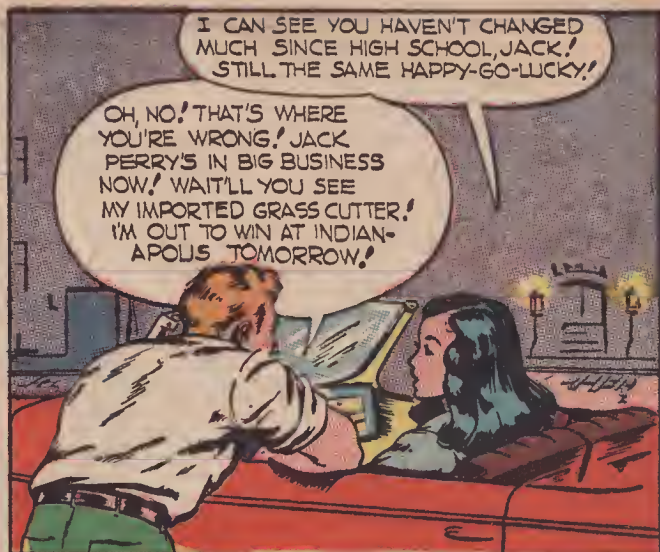
WEB COMIC
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AN HOUR LATER...

HELLO, STRANGER!

HIYA, PAT!



I CAN SEE YOU HAVEN'T CHANGED MUCH SINCE HIGH SCHOOL, JACK! STILL THE SAME HAPPY-GO-LUCKY!

OH, NO! THAT'S WHERE YOU'RE WRONG, JACK. PERRY'S IN BIG BUSINESS NOW! WAIT'LL YOU SEE MY IMPORTED GRASS CUTTER! I'M OUT TO WIN AT INDIANAPOLIS TOMORROW!



YOU REALLY THINK YOU CAN MAKE MONEY BY RACING?

PAT, THERE'S BIG MONEY IN IT IF YOU HAVE THE RIGHT CAR! I REALLY PUT A LOT OF DOUGH IN MY BUGGY!



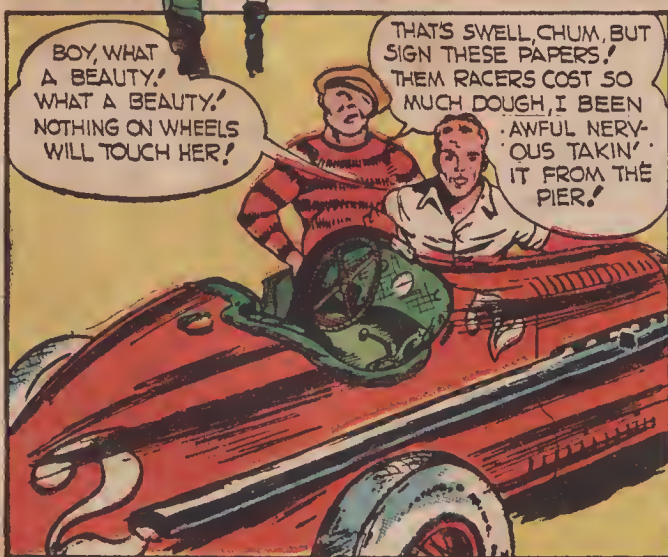
YES SIR I HAD IT MADE ACCORDING TO MY PLANS IN EUROPE! IT'S GOT THE BEST OF EVERYTHING! JUST

WAIT, IT'LL BE HERE ANY MINUTE! I JUST RECEIVED A CALL FROM THE SHIPPER!



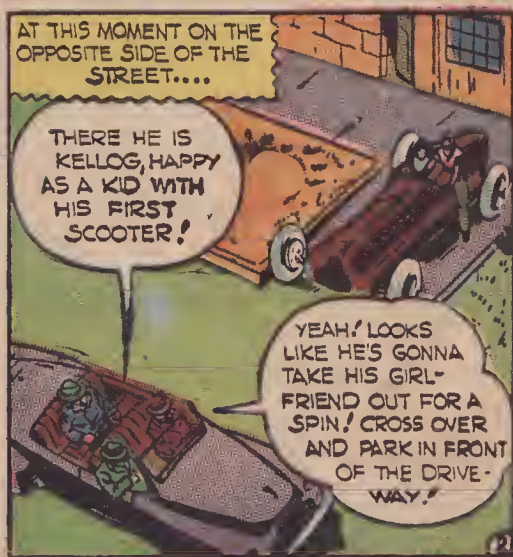
DO YOU HAPPEN TO BE JACK PERRY, BUD?

THAT'S ME! THAT'S ME! WOW! IT'S HERE!



BOY, WHAT A BEAUTY! WHAT A BEAUTY! NOTHING ON WHEELS WILL TOUCH HER!

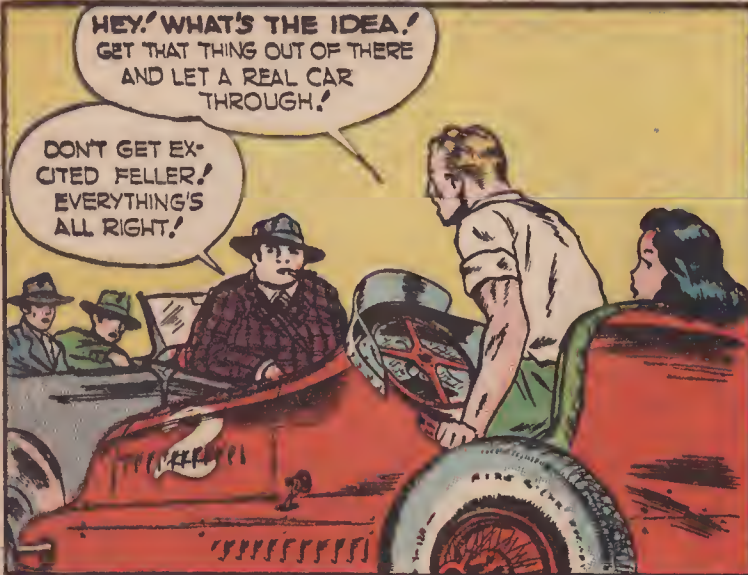
THAT'S SWELL, CHUM, BUT SIGN THESE PAPERS! THEM RACERS COST SO MUCH DOUGH, I BEEN AWFUL NERVOUS TAKIN' IT FROM THE PIER!



AT THIS MOMENT ON THE OPPOSITE SIDE OF THE STREET....

THERE HE IS KELLOGG, HAPPY AS A KID WITH HIS FIRST SCOOTER!

YEAH! LOOKS LIKE HE'S GONNA TAKE HIS GIRLFRIEND OUT FOR A SPIN! CROSS OVER AND PARK IN FRONT OF THE DRIVEWAY!



HEY! WHAT'S THE IDEA!
GET THAT THING OUT OF THERE
AND LET A REAL CAR
THROUGH!

DON'T GET EX-
CITED FELLER!
EVERYTHING'S
ALL RIGHT!



THERE'S BEEN SOME
DIFFICULTY AT THE
IMPORT OFFICE,
PERRY!! WE'LL
HAVE TO TAKE
YOUR CAR BACK
TILL IT'S STRAIGHT-
ENED OUT!

OVER MY
DEAD BODY
YOU WILL!
THIS CAR'S
MINE AND
IT STAYS
RIGHT
HERE!



OVER HIS DEAD BODY
HE SAYS! WELL
AIN'T THAT NICE
NOW!



OKAY, BEETSY,
TAKE CARE
OF THE
GIRL!



FOR IMPORT
INSPECTORS YOU
BOYS PLAY A LITTLE
ROUGH!



...IT'S PAT
PATRIOT!

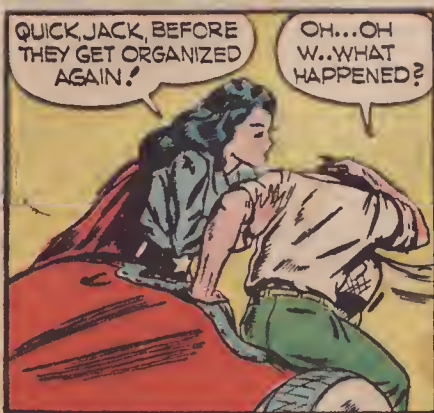
STOP SHAKING,
YOU FOOL!
SHE'S ONLY A
WOMAN!
COME ON!



DON'T BE NERVOUS, LITTLE MAN! IT WON'T HURT YOU, MUCH!



BULLSEYE!



QUICK, JACK, BEFORE THEY GET ORGANIZED AGAIN!

OH...OH W..WHAT HAPPENED?



STOP GAWKING YOU DOPE AND CHASE THAT SKIRT! SHE'S DRIVING OFF WITH A MILLION BUCKS!



THEY'RE RIGHT ON OUR TAIL! WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT, JACK? WHY ARE THEY TRYING TO STEAL YOUR RACER?

OH, I DON'T KNOW! MAYBE THEY KNOW I'LL WIN WITH IT! WHY DOES EVERYTHING HAPPEN TO ME?



SUDDENLY AS PAT ENTERS AN INTERSECTION....

WE GOT 'EM KELLOGG! THEY CAN'T GO THROUGH THE KIDS!



ALL RIGHT, MISS BIG SHOT! EITHER HOP IN HERE QUIETLY OR BEETSY SPITS LEAD AND MAYBE SOME OF THE SCHOOL KIDS WILL CATCH SOME OF IT TOO!



SOME MINUTES LATER IN THE OFFICE OF KELLOGG MOTORS INCORPORATED..

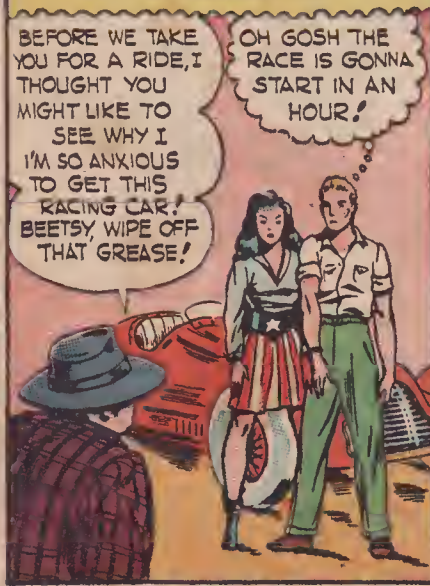
DIE! HAVE YOU GONE MAD? ALL I WANT TO DO IS RACE MY CAR! LEMME OUTTA HERE!

HAVE A PLEASANT SNOOZE FOLKS AND DON'T BE TOO CURIOUS! YOU'LL LEARN WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT BEFORE YOU DIE!

NEXT MORNING PAT AND JACK ARE LEAD INTO THE GARAGE....

BEFORE WE TAKE YOU FOR A RIDE, I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT LIKE TO SEE WHY I'M SO ANXIOUS TO GET THIS RACING CAR. BEETSY, WIPE OFF THAT GREASE!

OH GOSH THE RACE IS GONNA START IN AN HOUR!



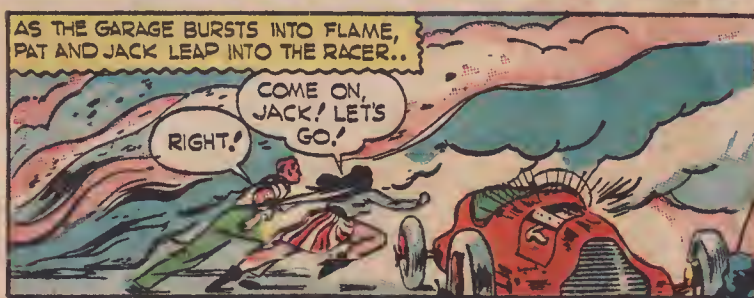
I HAD ALL MY ASSETS IN GERMANY CONVERTED INTO JEWELS AND SMUGGLED THEM INTO THIS COUNTRY IN YOUR RACER! A SMART WAY TO SAVE MY MONEY AND AVOID TAXES! NOW, FOR YOUR ONE WAY RIDE..HURRY UP WITH THE GAS, WEASEL!



AS THE GARAGE BURSTS INTO FLAME, PAT AND JACK LEAP INTO THE RACER..

COME ON, JACK! LET'S GO!

RIGHT!



CRASH



HOLY COW! THE ENGINE'S COVERED WITH JEWELS!

WHEW!

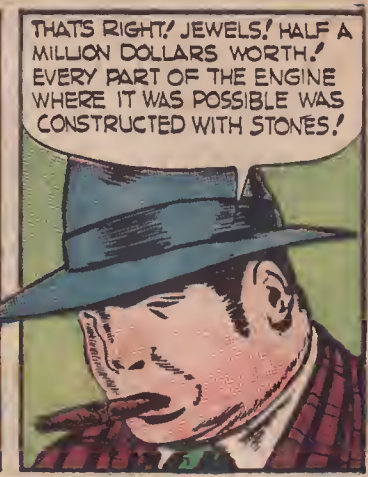


YOU DON'T MIND IF I HAVE A SMOKE FIRST, DO YOU?

OH, SO THE GLORY GAL SMOKES?... OKAY KID AS LONG AS IT'S YOUR LAST ONE!



THAT'S RIGHT! JEWELS! HALF A MILLION DOLLARS WORTH! EVERY PART OF THE ENGINE WHERE IT WAS POSSIBLE WAS CONSTRUCTED WITH STONES!



AS PAT PREPARES TO LIGHT HER CIGARETTE, SHE SUDDENLY LEAPS FORWARD WITH THE FLAMING MATCH..AND..



TWENTY MINUTES LATER AFTER A BREATH TAKING RIDE, PAT AND JACK ARRIVE AT THE INDIANAPOLIS SPEEDWAY...

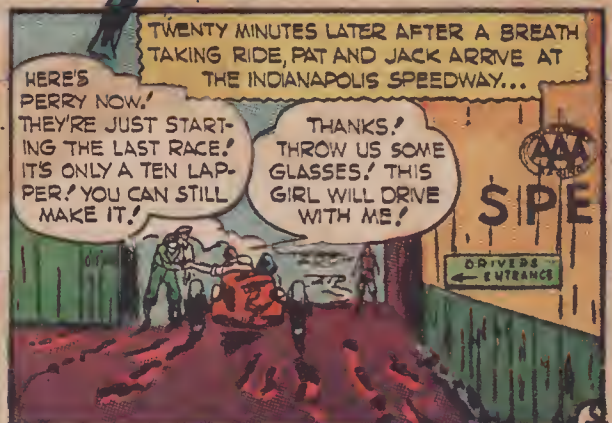
HERE'S PERRY NOW! THEY'RE JUST STARTING THE LAST RACE! IT'S ONLY A TEN LAPPER! YOU CAN STILL MAKE IT!

THANKS! THROW US SOME GLASSES! THIS GIRL WILL DRIVE WITH ME!

AAA

SIPE

DRIVERS ENTRANCE





FOR PETE'S SAKE
THEY'RE BOTH
HANDCUFFED!



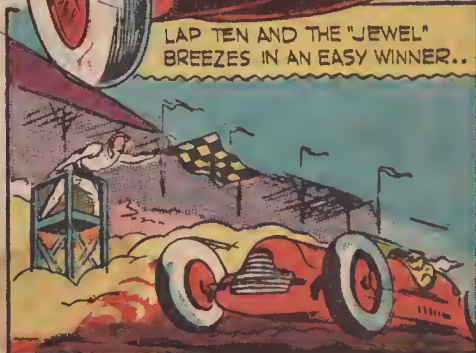
WOW! WE'RE IN! THIS
JWELED BUGGY WILL
BEAT THEM ALL! SAY,
THAT'S IT, WE'LL CALL
IT "THE JEWEL"!



NEVER MIND THAT NOW!
LET'S HOPE WE CAN
DRIVE THE CAR WITH
THESE HANDCUFFS!



LIKE A SPEEDING COMET "THE JEWEL"
CLOSES IN UPON THE OTHER CARS...



LAP TEN AND THE "JEWEL"
BREEZES IN AN EASY WINNER..



WELL, I'LL BE...
IT'S PAT
PATRIOT!..
AND HAND-
CUFFED! WHAT
HAPPENED?

YOU
DON'T KNOW
IT, GENTLEMEN,
BUT JACK PERRY
HAS BEEN DRIVING
A HALF MILLION
DOLLARS AROUND
YOUR
TRACK!

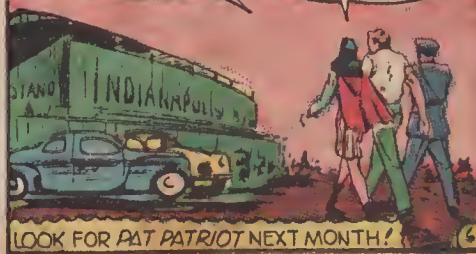
WE FOUND
THIS GUY AT
THE SCENE
OF A GARAGE
EXPLOSION!..
CLAIMS YOU'RE
DRIVING A CAR
FULL OF
JEWELS! WHAT'S
IT ALL
ABOUT?

IT'S A LONG
STORY, OFFICER..
BUT RIGHT
NOW PLEASE
TAKE
THESE
HAND-
CUFFS OFF!

I KNEW
THE BOSS
SHOULDN'T HAVE
FOOLED AROUND
WITH THIS RACK
ET!

WELL, JACK, YOU
WON YOUR RACE
BUT I GUESS
ANYONE COULD
WIN WITH A
MOTOR MADE OF
DIAMONDS!

DIAMONDS BE
DARNED! I'LL TEAR
THEM OUT AND RE-
MAKE THE MOTOR!
IT'LL STILL BURN
UP THE SPEEDWAY!
WAIT AND SEE!



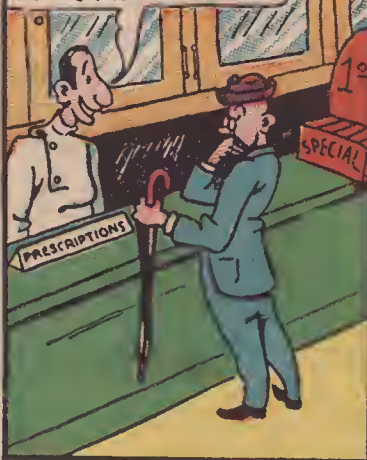
LOOK FOR PAT PATRIOT NEXT MONTH!

P The Absent-Minded PROFESSOR

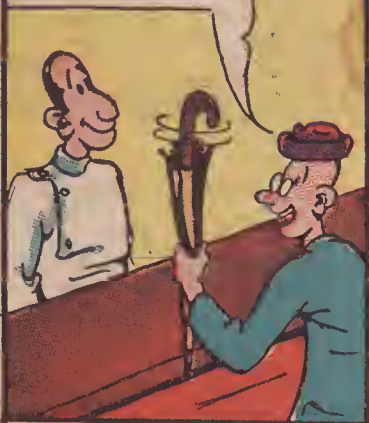
D.B. COVE



COME NOW, PROFESSOR, SURELY YOU CAN REMEMBER WHAT YOU CAME HERE FOR!



AH! I'VE GOT IT! I'LL HAVE SOME MONACETIC-ACIDESTER OF SALICYLLIC ACID



WHY, PROFESSOR, THAT'S ASPIRIN!

OH YES, BUT I NEVER CAN REMEMBER THAT NAME!



NOW, WHAT WAS IT I WANTED THESE DARN THINGS FOR?



WERE THEY FOR MY WIFE? -- NO! SHE'S IN BOSTON OR CALIFORNIA OR SOME-PLACE --



MY DAUGHTER? -- NO! SHE'S MARRIED AND LIVING IN NEW YORK!



GOSH DARN! TRYING TO REMEMBER WHAT THESE ARE FOR, MY HEADACHE GOT WORSE!



★ REAL ★ AMERICAN NUMBER ONE



JEFF DIXON,
PROMINENT
LAWYER
AND SON OF AN
INDIAN CHIEF,
ASSUMES
THE CHARACTER
OF THE
BRONZE TERROR
TO RID THE
COUNTRY OF SPIES,
HOODLUMS, AND CROOKS.

WHEN
SPIES
THREATEN
THE
UNITED STATES
IT IS TIME
FOR A
REAL AMERICAN
TO TAKE MATTERS
IN HAND!

by
DICK
BRIEFER



THERE IT IS,
MR. PRESIDENT.
ONE OF THE
GREATEST DEFENSE
PLANTS IN THE
COUNTRY--NESTLED
AMONG THE HILLS
AND ROCKS OF
THIS INDIAN
TERRITORY.

THIS IS PROGRESS,
MY FRIEND--
PROGRESS
FOR PEACE!



BUT ELSEWHERE,
THERE ARE OTHER
THOUGHTS...

THAT NEW DEFENSE
PLANT MUST BE
SMASHED!

YOU, FRITZ, WILL TAKE SOME MEN AND BLOW UP THAT PLANT. HOW YOU DO IT IS IMMATERIAL TO ME--- JUST DO IT.

AND YOU, MATA, WILL GO ALONG AND LOWER THE RESISTANCE OF ANY MEN WHO STAND IN THE WAY OF SUCCESS.

HERE IS MY PLAN, MATA.. THE BOYS WILL DISGUISE THEMSELVES AS INDIANS AND WILL WRECK THE PLANT. THE REDSKINS WILL BE BLAMED. YOUR JOB IS TO GET SOME INDIAN CHIEF TO AUTOGRAPH A PIECE OF PAPER---

--AND WE PUT A CONFESSION OF THE SABOTAGE ABOVE THE NAME.. --TO MAKE SURE THE INDIANS ARE BLAMED!



AT THE INDIAN RESERVATION---

ISN'T IT EXCITING TO HAVE A GOVERNMENT DEFENSE PLANT NEAR THE RESERVATION, JEFF?

IT'S IN' A PRETTY SAFE PLACE OUT HERE, LILLY.



WELL, DAD, WHAT' DO YOU THINK OF THE BIG FACTORY OUT HERE?

HMM! BIG SQUARE STONE TEEPEE-- MUCH NOISE INSIDE-- MUCH HURRY-UP WORK!



KNOCK, KNOCK! MAY I COME IN?

HM-- WHO YOU?



MATA IS UPON THE SCENE.

I'M FROM A NEW YORK NEWSPAPER. I'VE BEEN REPORTING ABOUT THE NEW DEFENSE PLANT AND I'D LIKE TO GET SOME INDIAN ATMOSPHERE. WILL YOU OBLIGE ME?

GOOD. ME LIKE PICTURES.



WILL YOU JUST HOLD THIS LIGHT FOR ME?

SURE THING!

OH, THESE WILL BE SUPERB!

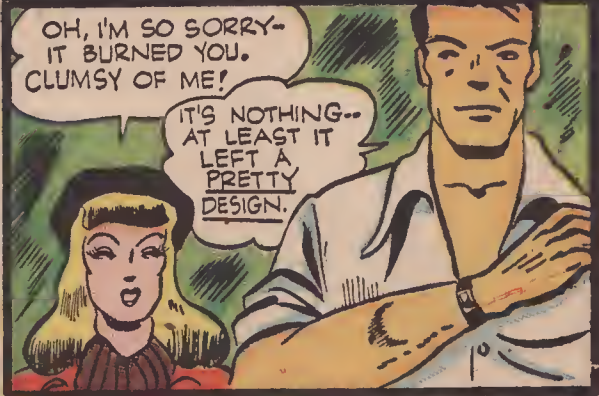


AS MATA GOES TO TAKE THE PHOTO BULB FROM JEFF, IT CONTACTS HIS ARM, BURNING HIM.



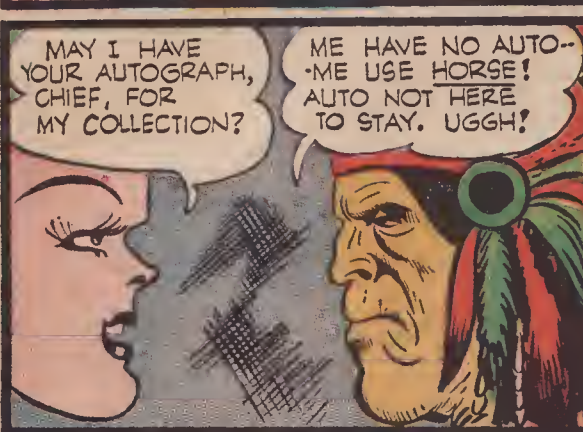
OH, I'M SO SORRY-- IT BURNED YOU. CLUMSY OF ME!

IT'S NOTHING-- AT LEAST IT LEFT A PRETTY DESIGN.



MAY I HAVE YOUR AUTOGRAPH, CHIEF, FOR MY COLLECTION?

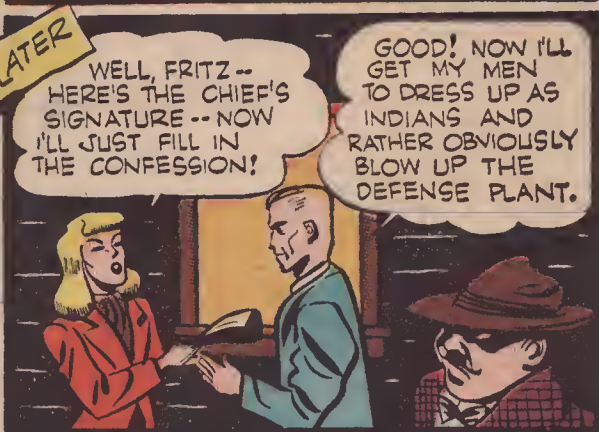
ME HAVE NO AUTO-- ME USE HORSE! AUTO NOT HERE TO STAY. UGGH!



LATER

WELL, FRITZ-- HERE'S THE CHIEF'S SIGNATURE-- NOW I'LL JUST FILL IN THE CONFESSION!

GOOD! NOW I'LL GET MY MEN TO DRESS UP AS INDIANS AND RATHER OBVIOUSLY BLOW UP THE DEFENSE PLANT.



THE SPIES DISGUISE THEMSELVES AS INDIANS.

HOW DO I LOOK?

WAH-WAH! I'M AN INDIAN!

SHAVE OFF YOUR MUSTACHE, HANGS.



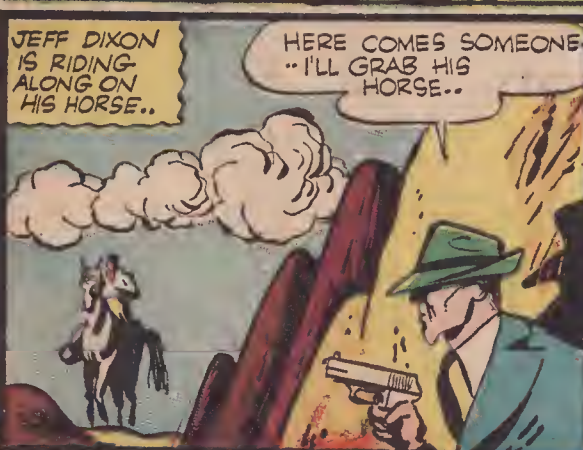
HEY! I HAVE NO HORSE-- AND EVERYONE ELSE HAS. WHERE'LL I GET ONE?

I'LL GO OUT AND STEAL ONE.



JEFF DIXON IS RIDING ALONG ON HIS HORSE..

HERE COMES SOMEONE-- I'LL GRAB HIS HORSE..



ALL RIGHT, BUDDY, GET DOWN! I NEED THAT ANIMAL OF YOURS!



AND SO, FULLY DISGUISED
AND EQUIPPED TO CARRY
OUT THEIR NEFARIOUS PLOT,
THE SPIES RIDE AND
WHOO UP TO THE
DEFENSE PLANT.

WAHOO
WAHOO! YIPPEE!



LOOK! INDIANS!
THEY TRIED TO
BLOW UP THE
PLANT!
THE INDIANS!
I CAN'T BELIEVE
IT!



CONSEQUENTLY, THE INDIANS
ARE TAKEN INTO CUSTODY.

THIS LOOKS BAD FOR
YOU INDIANS. A B*ND
ATTEMPTED TO DESTROY
THE FACTORY. THOSE
OF YOU THAT DID HAD
BETTER CONFESS.



OUTSIDE THE FACTORY, JEFF
NOTICES SOMETHING.



THOSE HOOOF
PRINTS! THEY'RE
OF MY HORSE!
I'D RECOGNIZE
THEM ANYWHERE!
THE CROOK WHO
STOLE IT IS
IN ON THIS,
AND HE'S
NO INDIAN!

I HAVE REASONS TO
BELIEVE THAT PEOPLE
OTHER THAN INDIANS
DID THIS, SIR. GIVE
ME A FEW HOURS TO
PROVE IT.



DIXON,
I KNOW I
CAN TRUST
YOU. I HOPE
YOU'RE RIGHT.
GO TO IT!

AND JEFF DIXON LEAVES, TO
ASSUME THE IDENTITY OF
THE 'BRONZE TERROR'.



I MUST PROVE
MY PEOPLE
INNOCENT!



THIS TRAIL IS EASY ENOUGH FOR ME TO FOLLOW.



AND HERE IT ENDS. SIMPLE! LET'S SEE WHAT I'LL FIND INSIDE.



HELLO, JOE-- NICE COSTUME YOU HAVE. YOU LOOK LIKE A REAL INDIAN!

WAIT! I'M JOE, AND I'M HERE!

WHO'S THAT GUY?



A REAL INDIAN IS CORRECT! EVER HEAR OF THE 'BRONZE TERROR'?



A FINE BUNCH OF SPIES YOU ARE! BETTER GO HOME AND TAKE A POST-GRADUATE COURSE!



HERE'S THE CHIEF'S PHONEY CONFESSION, FRITZ-- SAY-- WHAT IS THIS?

SO SHE'S IN ON THIS TOO! NOW I SEE WHY SHE WANTED DAD'S AUTOGRAPH.



YOU SCARECROW! YOU'LL NEVER GET OUT OF HERE ALIVE!



THE BRONZE TERROR FALLS AWAY FROM THE BULLET AS IT DRILLS INTO MATA!



I'VE ROUNDED HERDS OF CATTLE, BUT NEVER ANY SKUNKS LIKE THIS!



HELLO, DEFENSE PLANT? THERE'S A LITTLE SHACK JUST OUTSIDE OF GILLY'S GULCH. IT'S FULL OF SPIES WHO WISH TO CONFESS ATTEMPTING TO BLOW UP YOUR PLANT. COMPLIMENTS OF THE "BRONZE TERROR"!



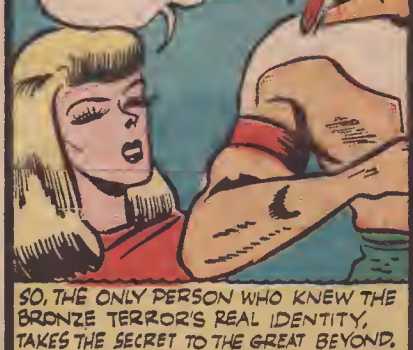
WELL, BRONZE TERROR, I GUESS I'M DONE IN. GOT TO EXPECT IT IN MY RACKET. Y'KNOW, I ALWAYS WANTED TO MEET YOU---NOW--TIME IS SO SHORT--



I GUESS PEOPLE WONDER WHAT YOU LOOK LIKE UNDER THAT HIDEOUS SKULL. WELL, I'D SAY YOU LOOK VERY MUCH LIKE JEFF DIXON--BECAUSE YOU ARE JEFF DIXON!



THAT BURN ON YOUR ARM TOLD ME THAT. IT'S --FROM MY PHOTO BULB-- BUT--DON'T WORRY--I'LL KEEP YOUR SECRET--
--OH--



SO, THE ONLY PERSON WHO KNEW THE BRONZE TERROR'S REAL IDENTITY, TAKES THE SECRET TO THE GREAT BEYOND.

FROM A CLIFF, THE BRONZE TERROR WATCHES THE SOLDIERS ARREST THE SPIES!



LATER

DIXON, YOUR PEOPLE ARE FREE. THANKS TO THE "BRONZE TERROR".

THANK HEAVENS! SAY-- WHO IS THIS "BRONZE TERROR"?



THAT NIGHT, THE INDIANS GIVE THANKS TO THEIR SAVIOUR, THE BRONZE TERROR, WHILE JEFF DIXON LOOKS ON, A SMILE ON HIS BROWN FACE.



YES SIRREE--I'LL BE BACK HERE NEXT ISSUE--AND I'LL BRING THE "BRONZE TERROR"!
End of the Jeff Dixon

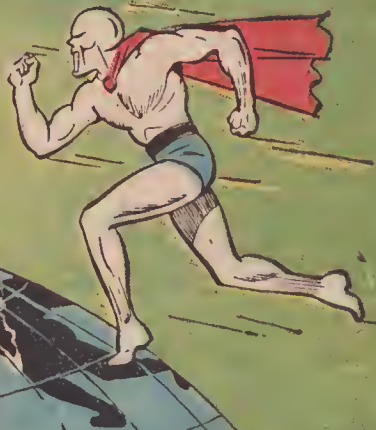
CLAW

ROUND 3 BATTLES

GHOST



YES, THE WORLD'S TWO GODS OF HATE.... THE **CLAW** AND **HITLER** HAVE SIGNED A PACT THROUGH WHICH THEY HOPE TO CONQUER AND RULE THE ENTIRE WORLD! THE **CLAW**'S JOB IS TO GET CONTROL OF AMERICA, BUT HE CERTAINLY HAS HIS HANDS FULL IN SO DOING. JUST WHEN THINGS LOOKED VERY BLACK FOR OUR NATION, A STRANGE MYSTERIOUS CHARACTER, THE **GHOST** STEPS FORTH TO MEET THE WORLD'S WORST VILLIAN IN A BATTLE TO THE FINISH!



PARTNERS IN CRIME



BOB
WOOD

Daily Star 3

CLAW VANISHES

GHOST RESCUES
KIDNAPPED GIRLS
WORLD'S WORST
VILLIAN DEFEATED

AND SO THE NATION CAN AGAIN REST ITS NERVES! THANKS TO THIS STRANGE PERSON WHO CALLS HIMSELF THE GHOST!! THE PRESIDENT TODAY ISSUED A MESSAGE OF THANKS TO THE GHOST! NO ONE SEEMS TO HAVE THE FAINTEST IDEA JUST WHO HE IS OR WHERE HE CAME FROM!

AND NOW, WE FIND THE MYSTERIOUS MISS X, WHO HAS JUST RETURNED FROM ABROAD AND HAS IN HER POSSESSION A SIGNED PACT FROM HITLER!

THIS IS A FINE STATE OF AFFAIRS! HERE I HAVE THE PACT FOR THE CLAW TO SIGN, BUT NO CLAW... HE'S GONE!!

FIGURING TO BIDE HER TIME UNTIL THE CLAW RETURNS, MISS X NEXT DAY SETS FORTH UPON A MOTOR TRIP.....

AS LONG AS I'VE GOT TO HANG AROUND HERE FOR AWHILE, MIGHT AS WELL SEE WHAT THIS "PRECIOUS" COUNTRY LOOKS LIKE!

I CAN'T IMAGINE WHERE THE CLAW DISAPPEARED TO...HOW ANYONE HIS SIZE COULD BE MISSED....

SUDDENLY...

HEAVENS!
WHAT'S THAT..
AN EARTHQUAKE
???

A FIERCE RUMBLING....THE BRIDGE SHAKES FEVERISHLY...THEN SLOWLY RISING FROM THE RIVER....

GREETINGS,
MISS X!

YOU HAVE THE SIGNED PACT FROM YOUR FUEHRER!

YES, I HAVE IT HERE WITH ME!

CLAW!

BUT BEFORE MISS X CAN PRODUCE THE PAPER FROM HER PURSE, A FLEET OF POLICE CARS ARE DASHING TO THE SCENE..THE CLAW HAS BEEN SIGHTED!

THAT'S HIM! CAREFUL NOW!

WHEEEEE

WILL THE CLAW FIGHT ??

THERE'S NO SENSE GETTING MIXED UP WITH THEM NOW! MEET ME AT OUR USUAL PLACE TONIGHT...AND DON'T FORGET THE PACT!!



AMIDST A FLURRY OF FUTILE BULLETS THE CLAW SWIMS AWAY...



HE GOT AWAY!

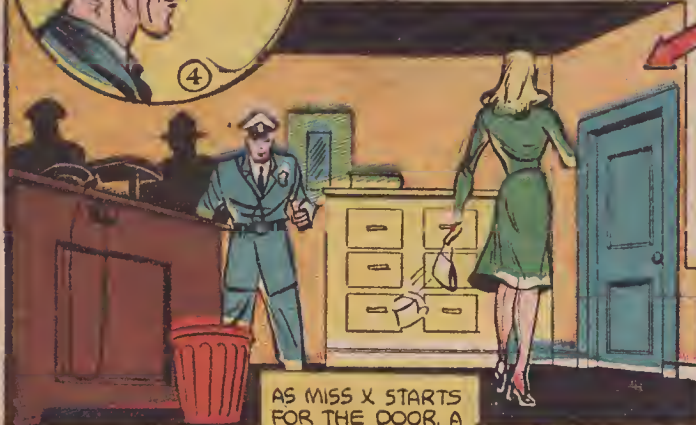
PLASH

2

WELL LADY...NOT THAT WE SUSPECT YOU OF ANYTHING...HA,HA...BUT WE'LL HAVE TO TAKE YOU DOWN TO THE STATION FOR QUESTIONING!



4



AS MISS X STARTS FOR THE DOOR, A PIECE OF PAPER DROPS FROM HER PURSE...

HEY, LADY, YOU DROPPED SOMETHING!



WOW!



WELL, LADY... WHAT GOES ON HERE?

TH..THAT MONSTER, OFFICER...HE PRACTICALLY FRIGHTENED ME TO DEATH!

LATER AT HEADQUARTERS.....

WOW! WHAT A STORY! BEAUTIFUL GIRL HAS RENDEZVOUS WITH CLAW! IT'S TERRIFIC!

ALRIGHT, MISS! THAT'S ALL... THANKS FOR THE INFORMATION! YOU MAY GO NOW!



5

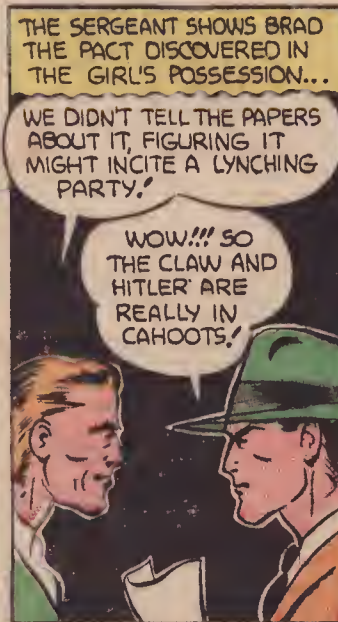
WHAT THE PAPER CONTAINED....

PARTNERSHIP PACT FOR WORLD DOMINATION
THE PARTY OF THE 1ST PART.
ADOLPH HITLER, HEREBY AGREES TO SHARE CONQUEST OF THE WORLD WITH THE CLAW, PARTY OF THE 2ND PART WHOSE DUTY IS TO CONQUER AMERICA.

SIGNED

Adolf Hitler
ADOLF HITLER,

CLAW



AND SURE ENOUGH, HE WAS RIGHT...FOR AT THIS VERY MOMENT, THE WORLD'S WORST VILLIAN IS LITERALLY TEARING THE JAIL APART...

ON AND ON PLUNDERS THE MAD MONSTER OF DESTRUCTION...UNTIL...

A BULLSEYE...STRAIGHT INTO THE CLAW'S GIGANTIC JOWLS AS THE MONSTER SHRIEKS IN PAIN...

STUPID GUARDS...
OUT OF MY WAY!

I USED TO
BE GOOD WITH
THE JAVELIN!
MAYE THIS GUN
WILL TONE HIM
DOWN A BIT!

YEEEEEEOW!

SO!
IT'S YOU
SWINE OF THE
EARTH!!

BEFORE THE GHOST
CAN RECOVER, THE
CLAW HAS CRUSHED
IN ANOTHER SECTION
OF THE PRISON, AND...

A LITTLE
OFF IN YOUR
AIM!

AT LAST!
I'VE FOUND
YOU! QUICK,
THE PACT!

CLAW!

THE CLAW'S BONEY
HAND FUCKS OUT..THE
GHOST JUST DUCKS
IN TIME...

BUT I DON'T
HAVE IT! THAT'S
WHY I'M HERE!
THEY FOUND
IT ON ME!

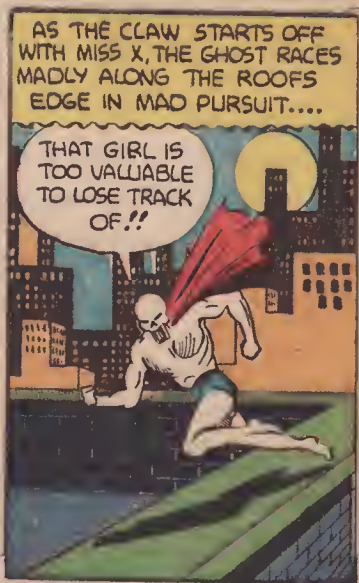


FOOLISH!
I SHOULD HAVE
KNOWN BETTER THAN
TO TRUST A WOMAN
ANYWAY! YOU'RE
COMING ALONG
WITH ME!



NEARBY THE GHOST
SEES "WHAT GOES ON"...

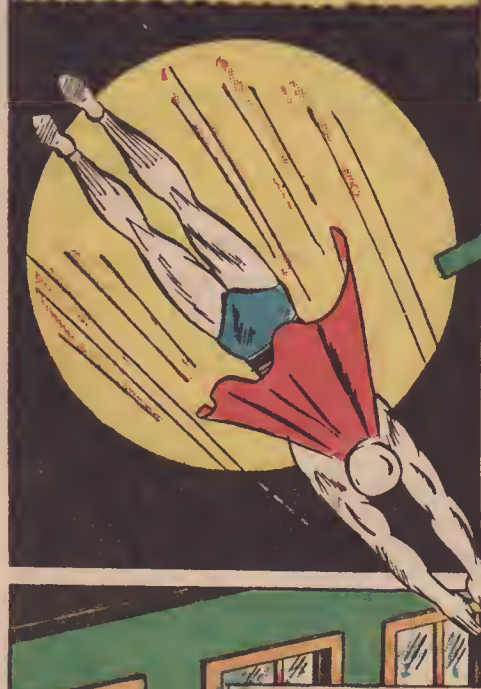
THAT "FACT" WAS NO
GAG..THEY ARE IN CA-
HOOTS! WHAT A COM-
BINATION!



AS THE CLAW STARTS OFF
WITH MISS X, THE GHOST RACES
MADLY ALONG THE ROOFS
EDGE IN MAD PURSUIT....

THAT GIRL IS
TOO VALUABLE
TO LOSE TRACK
OF!!

A DARING LEAP THROUGH SPACE... LIKE A
COMET THE BOLD MAN IN WHITE HEADS
STRAIGHT FOR THE CLAW....



OW!

HELP!

A SMASHING BLOW-HIGH ON THE CLAW'S
CHEEKBONE STUNS THE MONSTER...
SO FORCEFUL THAT THE CLAW RELEASES
MISS X, WHO HURTTLES HEADLONG
THROUGH SPACE.....



THE GHOST SEIZES A TELEPHONE WIRE WHICH BREAKS HIS FALL AND.....



...CARRIES HIM TO A LANDING.....

THAT GIRL'S A GONER, SURE UNLESS...



IN THE NICK OF TIME, AS MISS X IS ABOUT TO CRASH TO CERTAIN DEATH THE GHOST APPEARS....

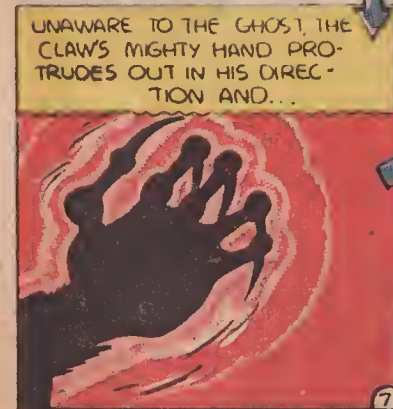
YOU'LL HAVE A TALL BIT OF EXPLAINING TO DO, BLONDIE!



SWINE!
I'LL KILL YOU BOTH!



QUICK, INTO THIS DOORWAY! HE CAN'T GET YOU THERE!



UNAWARE TO THE GHOST, THE CLAW'S MIGHTY HAND PROTRUDES OUT IN HIS DIRECTION AND...



..CATCHING THE BRAVE MAN IN WHITE OFF GUARD, HE SEIZES HIM AND SENDS HIM HURLING THROUGH SPACE....

INTO THE STRATOSPHERE WITH YOU!

WILL THIS BE THE END OF THE GHOST? AND WHAT WILL BECOME OF MISS X AND THE CLAW'S PACT WITH HITLER?

THE BIGGEST SURPRISE OF THE YEAR AWAITS ALL READERS OF NEXT MONTH'S **DAREDEVIL COMICS**....

MEET "PERFECT CRIME" PARODI by Dick Wood

The tall man who entered Stowall's-Fifth Avenue neither limped nor coughed, but he gave the appearance of both. There was something about his slow, shuffling gait and slightly bent frame that made one think he was moving only with the utmost effort and was on the verge of a complete collapse at any moment.

The attendant of Stowall's Jewelry Company looked up from his sales sheet at the elderly man's entrance and beamed widely. In one short glance his business eye took in the smartly tailored clothes, the ebony cane clutched tightly in the man's fist and most of all, a large, almost ridiculous, diamond which sparkled from that closed hand. Yes, this man he felt sure would make a very fine customer. The kind that Stowall Brothers liked to have . . . one capable of spending freely for the best, and usually wanting nothing but the best. The attendant threw his smile into high gear.

"Good morning, sir!"

The elderly man slouched to a stuffed reception chair and sat down awkwardly. He placed his hand over his heart and looked over at the clerk.

"Sorry," he said painfully, "I—I don't feel quite well!"

The clerk bustled into action. Could he get some water — perhaps if his tie were removed? . . . The old man waved the nervous clerk to silence. No, it wouldn't be necessary . . . These attacks came quite frequently . . . Just show him the diamond necklace that Mr. Kendall's secretary inquired about this morning.

The clerk's eyes widened slightly. Mr. Kendall, of course . . . The South American banker who had sent his secretary there earlier to pick out a wedding gift for his daughter. He remembered now that the secretary had mentioned Mr. Kendall, who was too ill to come that day. Well, he had come now, and that twenty-two-thousand-dollar necklace would make a prosperous sale for Stowall Brothers, and perhaps mean a little bonus check in his pay envel-



ope. He felt quite happy as he snaked a hand into the glass cabinet and withdrew the sparkling gems.

An hour later, "Perfect Crime" Parodi peeled off a false nose, threw himself down on his bed, and laughed softly. It had all been so simple . . . so absurdly simple. When the clerk returned with the necklace he had taken it calmly enough — even scratched the handle of his cane and commented on its quality—then, without warning, he had clutched his heart, gasped, and smashed to the floor with the gems still in his hand. Everything clicked perfectly. The clerked had rushed to the rear room to telephone a doctor and he, Parodi, had casually walked out the door with a small fortune. No need for guns and shooting, like in his bootlegging days . . . just brains. That's why his brothers in crime had named him "Perfect Crime" Parodi, and that's why, after one more haul, he would retire in comfort while his pal gun toters rotted in prison cells.

Parodi lifted the cane which lay beside him and turned to a map on the wall by his bed. He followed a route with the cane point, up along the Atlantic

Sea Coast from New York to the tip of Maine. The cane rested on a place called Caribou. But Parodi didn't see a Northern town snuggled in the potato country. He saw fifty thousand dollars about to be sent over the line to Canada for "defense" purposes. Carefully he picked up the diamond necklace, tucked it gently under his pillow, and switched off the light. He closed his eyes contentedly and dreamed he was swimming toward a lonely island through a sea of ten-dollar bills.

"Perfect Crime" Parodi entered Caribou via plane.



STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933.

OF DAREDEVIL, published monthly at New York, New York, for October 1, 1941.
County of New York } ss.
State of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Leverett S. Gleason, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of DAREDEVIL, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor and business managers are: Publisher, Daniel S. Gillmor, 114 E. 32nd St., New York, N. Y.; Editor, Leverett S. Gleason, 114 E. 32nd St., New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, None; Business Manager, Leverett S. Gleason 114 E. 32nd St., New York, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) NEW FRIDAY PUBLICATIONS, INC., 114 East 32nd St., New York, N. Y.; D. S. Gillmor, 114 E. 32nd St.

New York, N. Y.; L. S. Gleason, 114 E. 32nd St., New York, N. Y.; A. J. Bernhard, 114 E. 32nd St., New York, N. Y.; M. S. Latzen, 114 E. 32nd St., New York, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are:
(If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholders or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, if given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest, direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is..... (This information is required from daily publications only.)

(Signed) Leverett S. Gleason,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st day of October, 1941.

(Seal) Sophia Janoff.

(My commission expires March 29, 1943.)

The first thing he saw was two Government men. They were waiting for him as he stepped out of the cabin plane. "Regulations," they told him... Every-one must be searched, entering the airport. Parodi cursed himself inwardly but retained his outer calm. What a fool he'd been! It hadn't dawned on him they would search anyone this side of the border.

Inside the Inspection Room, Parodi didn't wait for the inspectors to find the diamond necklace tucked inside his shirt. He walked in ahead of them gripping his heavy cane tightly. Then he pivoted. The first inspector caught the cane flush in the mouth and staggered backward spewing blood and teeth on the floor. His companion reached for a gun, but Parodi was already on him. Snapping out with his open fingers, he caught the astonished inspector just below the Adam's apple and sent him reeling backwards gasping for breath.

Outside, Parodi acted with the speed and precision of a trained shock trooper. Whipping open the door of a nearby taxicab he yanked the driver to the ground and leaped in... a shout of voices behind him and bullets picked at the cab door. As he swung the car into gear and sped down the steep hill from the airport, a siren wailed behind him. For half an hour Parodi raced over the highway northward, with the screaming police car on his tail.

Then suddenly there was no response to his pressure on the gas. He felt the car die beneath him. An icy hand seemed to grip his heart. *He was out of gas!* Quickly he slammed the car into a section of woods and leaped out. He heard the police car screech to a stop as he plunged wildly through the underbrush. Minutes that seemed like hours dragged by. Brambles and brushes tore at his face and clothing, but whenever he stopped, exhausted, that con-

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start thrashing of his pursuers drove him on . . .

Now he heard the drone of an airplane motor . . . ahead of him . . . breaking into a clearing, he saw it—a black form in the night, starting to taxi for a take-off *and with the rear cockpit empty!* With his last ounce of strength he leaped to the side of the moving plane and tumbled himself into the rear cockpit.

As "Perfect Crime" Parodi looked over the side of the plane down to the earth ten thousand feet below, he felt very free. It was all over now. It had been a close shave—the closest he had ever encountered, but it would never happen again. Next time he would make sure of every little detail. Of course, now he still had the pilot of the plane to cope with, but that could be taken care of very easily. Wherever the plane was going was all right with him, and no one would want to cause too much trouble with a stowaway . . . so confident was he that he sank back and allowed himself to sleep.

Hours later when he awoke he was very much surprised to see water beneath . . . ocean water. Nervously he grabbed the cockpit earphones and shouted to the pilot. "Listen, Bud, I don't know where you're going but you got a stowaway here. Head back to land without any questions and I'll slip you ten grand."

He heard the muffled surprise of the pilot—then a crisp voice that almost shocked his head off. "I don't know how you got here, Chum, but there's no turning back *now*. This is a fighting ship for Britain!"

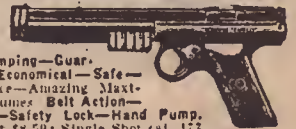
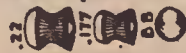
Parodi felt cold sweat ooze out of his body. As he started to shout back a reply the sharp clatter of a machine-gun suddenly split the air. He saw the pilot's shoulders heave up spasmodically, then slump forward and disappear from view. As the plane leaped toward the earth he shot a glance over his

shoulder and saw a fiery red plane with a Nazi swastika on it, churn into a bank. His shaking hands grabbed at the joy-stick and slowly pulled the ship out of its dive. Now for the first time he saw the machine-gun. He suppressed a shudder. Guns . . . he had always hated guns! The Nazi ship was cutting in front of him now. He saw the grim face of its pilot waiting to pull the trigger. Then he acted without thinking. He grabbed the cold handle of the gun and squeezed. He wasn't thinking 'air battle' now. He was thinking of Prohibition days when Marty Malone's gang tried to cross him . . . of how he had gripped the tommy gun and squeezed it just like this. The ships were both in a dive now, and Parodi still strangled the gun handle with his fist. No matter how the Nazi pilot maneuvered his craft, the hot bullets from Parodi's guns still followed him.

Again the German craft dove to escape this mad marksman. Parodi's eyes were narrow slits as he followed the ship down. He saw the back of the German's jacket suddenly jump as if it were alive with bugs . . . his head fell over the side of the ship, and blood spilled into the slip stream.

Then Parodi smiled . . . Maybe guns were still the best things to fight with. He was still smiling when his ship burst into flames and smashed into the blue depths of the broad Atlantic.

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DAREDEVIL'S PUNCH-OF-THE-MONTH



FACTS ON FOOTWORK:

"He who hits and runs away shall live to strike another day" . . . and that's no kidding, fellers! With the proper footwork you can slip inside your opponent, land your punch, and be out in the clear again. Here are three essential points to remember concerning footwork!

1. WHEN BACKING AWAY FROM YOUR OPPONENT, ALWAYS SLIDE YOUR RIGHT FOOT BACK FIRST, BRINGING YOUR LEFT AFTER IT. THIS ENABLES YOU ALWAYS TO BE IN A FIGHTING POSITION AND RETAIN YOUR BALANCE.
2. KEEP YOUR WEIGHT ON YOUR LEFT FOOT AT ALL TIMES.
3. ALWAYS REMEMBER THAT A SMART BOXER CAN TELL WHAT PUNCH YOU PLAN TO THROW BY THE POSITION OF YOUR FEET. TRY TO CONFUSE HIM BY SHUFFLING, AND BY SWAYING YOUR BODY BEFORE LETTING A PUNCH GO. SO LONG TILL NEXT MONTH . . .

Daredevil

CHAPTER TWO

of CRIPPLED VENGEANCE--
"WHEN MAD MEN MEET"
STARRING THOSE TWO
COMETS OF THE COMICS...

THIRTEEN & JINX-

BERNIE KLEIN
and
DICK WOOD

THE QUESTIONMARK-
IT IS HARD FOR ONE TO
BELIEVE THAT SUCH A
RUTHLESS, COLD-BLOODED
CREATURE COULD EXIST-
WITH DEFORMED BODY AND
TWISTED MIND HE HAS
LOOMED UP TO CAST A
PLAGUE OF HATE UPON
ALL HE MEETS--INGENIOUS,
CLEVER, AND CALCULATING--
HARBORING A FIENDISH
IDEAL--- HE IS MORE
THAN A KILLER--HE
IS THE WORLD'S
SUPER CRIMINAL!



MEET MARIE
OLIVALE--SHE IS WILD
EYED, EXCITED--AND WELL
SHE MIGHT BE, FOR
SHE'S INSANE--INSANE
FROM AN OCCURANCE
WHICH IS STRANGELY
HIDDEN UNDER THE DARK
CLOAK OF SOME
TERRIBLE MYSTERY---
THE QUESTIONMARK
LOVES HER FANATICALLY--
ENOUGH TO KILL HER
HUSBAND WHO WAS
HIS BROTHER!



HERE'S WHAT HAPPENED
LAST MONTH--

THE QUESTIONMARK
KILLED HIS BROTHER, BECAUSE
THE COURT AWARDED HIM
THE FAMILY INHERITANCE--
ALSO BECAUSE HE LOVED MARIE.
AT THE INSANE ASYLUM,
HE TRIED TO KIDNAP MARIE--
BUT THIRTEEN AND JINX
LEAPED TO HIS CAR--IN A
WILD ATTEMPT TO ESCAPE,
QUESTIONMARK SWUNG THE
CAR OFF THE ROAD
AND LEAPED TO AN
OVERHANGING TREE
WITH MARIE--NOW, GO
ON WITH THE STORY--



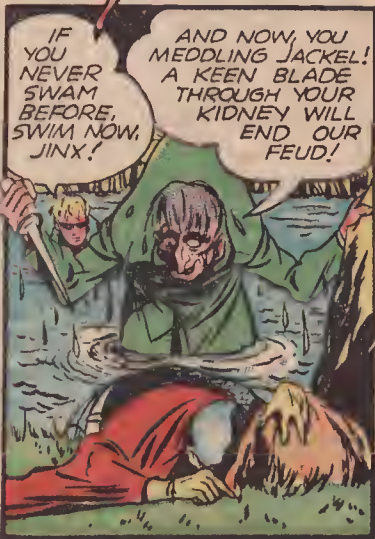
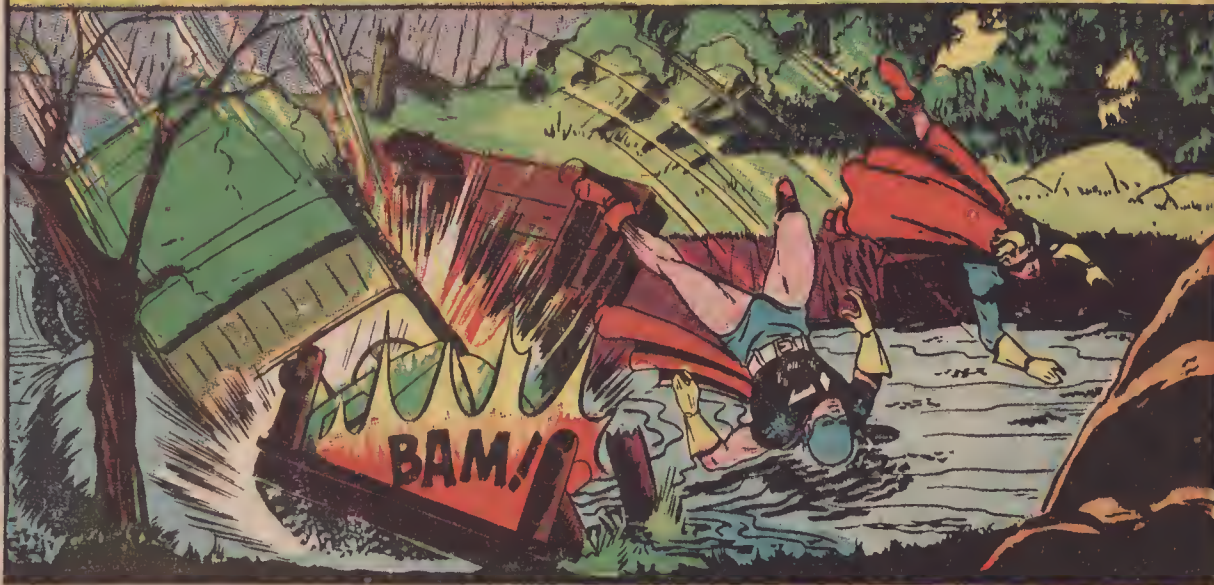
HAL HIGGINS

DARREL CREIG



---DOWN INTO THE
YAWNING CAVITY OF ASYLUM
CHASM - PLUNGES THE
QUESTIONMARK'S CAR--
THIRTEEN AND JINX PRISONERS
IN THE MACHINE--

A SICKENING CRACK OF A WOODEN BRIDGE, AND THE COMRADES OF JUSTICE ARE HURLED CLEAR INTO A VALLEY STREAM---



AS JINX RUSHES TO THIRTEEN, THE HURTLING FORMS STRIKE THE WATER BETWEEN THEM--

AND NOW, YOU MEDDLING JACKEL! A KEEN BLADE THROUGH YOUR KIDNEY WILL END OUR FEUD!

A FLURRY OF ARMS--A HOARSE CRY, AND THE TWO SINK BENEATH THE SURFACE OF THE STREAM--AN OMINOUS SERIES OF BUBBLES APPEAR--



GONE! WHEW, WHAT A STRUGGLE--GUESS HE MUST HAVE DRIFTED DOWN STREAM!



HERE THIRTEEN, LET ME HELP YOU! IT'S A WONDER YOU'RE ALIVE AT ALL!

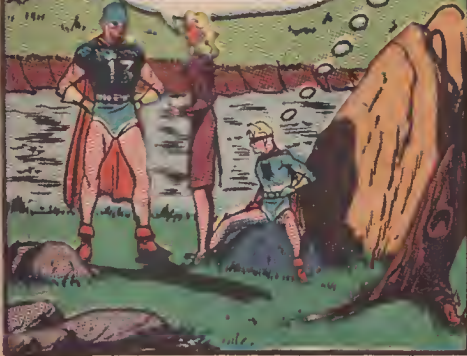
THAT'S FUNNY--MARIE SEEMS PERFECTLY SANE!



HOW DO YOU FEEL, MARIE?

I-I DON'T KNOW--AS IF A HUGE WEIGHT HAD BEEN LIFTED FROM ME--I'M SO CONFUSED! I REMEMBER FALLING, THEN, SUDDENLY I'M HERE WITH YOU!

THAT QUESTION-MARK MUST BE A DROWNED GOOSE ALRIGHT!



IT'S ALL COMING BACK NOW--THAT PARTY--THEN SOMEONE STRUCK ME A--AND THAT HORRIBLE CARLOS! BUT WHERE HAVE I BEEN ALL THIS TIME?



WE'RE ALL A BIT UPSET RIGHT NOW--MARIE--LET'S HUSTLE INTO SOME WARM CLOTHING--I'LL EXPLAIN THINGS LATER!

DON'T WORRY, MARIE--THE QUESTIONMARK'S DEAD!



BUT A QUARTER MILE AWAY--A SLIMY JOKE OF HUMANITY WIGGLES UP THE RIVER'S BANK--

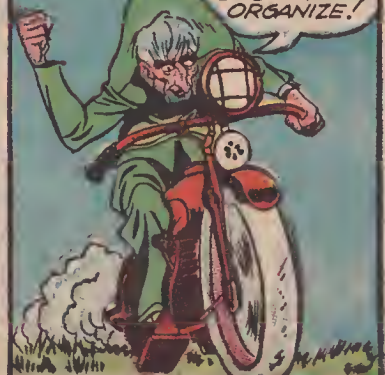
PUFF--PUFF... QUIET CARLOS--QUIET!



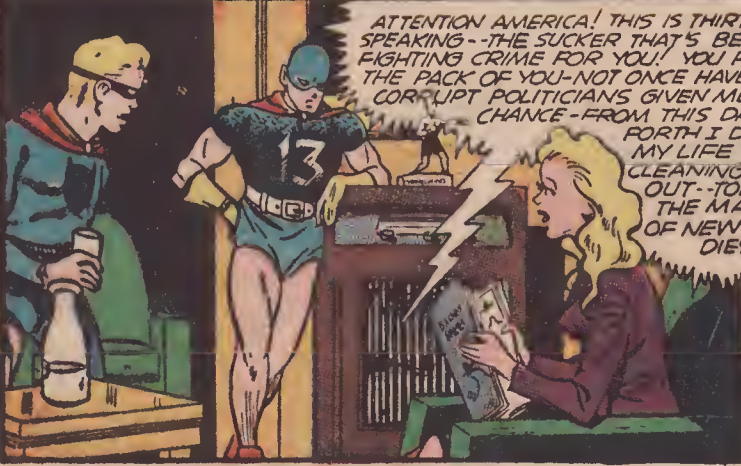
DEATH TO THE UNIFORMED DOG!



I SURVIVED! SURVIVED! BECAUSE FATE MEANT ME TOO! LIKE HITLER--LIKE ALL GREAT GENIUSES--NOW TO ORGANIZE--ORGANIZE! ORGANIZE!



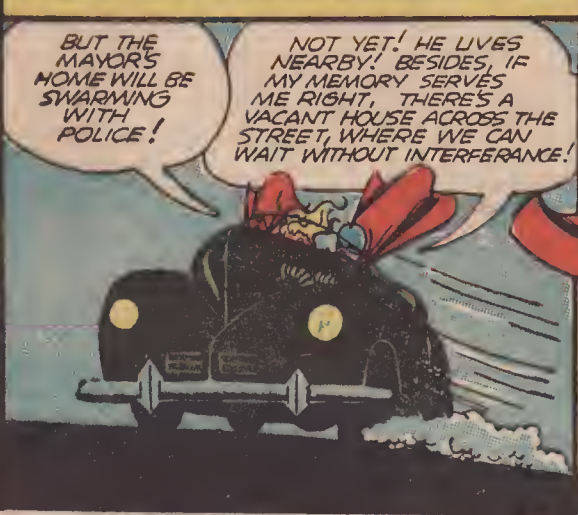
ONE EVENING, AS OUR TRIO GATHERS, A RADIO PROGRAM IS CUT OFF. A HOARSE CACKLING VOICE PIERCES THROUGH ETHER THE QUESTION-MARK--



FANTASTIC! WE'VE UNDERESTIMATED OUR OPPONENT, JINX! HE'S NOT ONLY SURVIVED, BUT MANAGED TO PUT OUR NECKS IN A NOOSE--THE WHOLE COUNTRY WILL BE DRUMMING US OUT--IF THE MAYOR DIES--

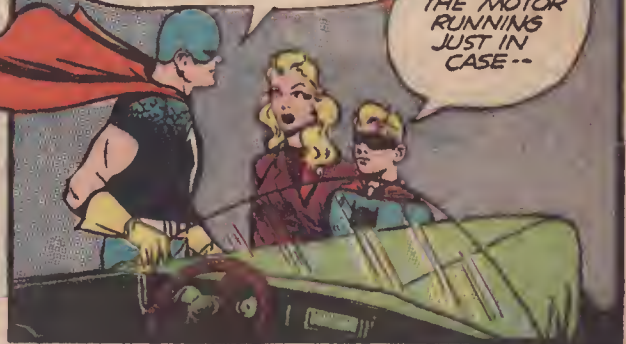


A COAL-BLACK CAR WHIPS THROUGH THE STREETS--



I'M GOING TO DO A LITTLE SNOOPING BEFORE WE CONCEAL OURSELVES--STAY CLOSE TO THE CAR UNTIL I RETURN--AND REMEMBER WE'RE MATCHING WITS WITH THE CLEVER MIND OF A MAD-MAN!

I'LL KEEP THE MOTOR RUNNING JUST IN CASE--



AS THIRTEEN LEAVES, A DOOR IN THE EMPTY HOUSE SWINGS OPEN--



ABRUPTLY, THIRTEEN RUSHES BACK--A SCREAMING BODY DROPS FROM THE PORCH---



A TRAP! THE PLACE IS SWARMING WITH NUTS!

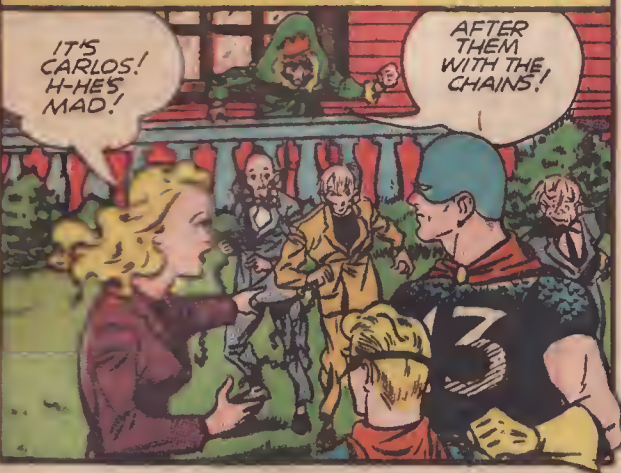


AMID THE WILD CONFUSION, A RIDICULOUS, ALMOST COMIC FIGURE APPEARS--THE MEN LEAP LIKE ROBOTS AT HIS SHRIEK--

IT'S CARLOS!
H-HE'S MAD!

AFTER THEM WITH THE CHAINS!

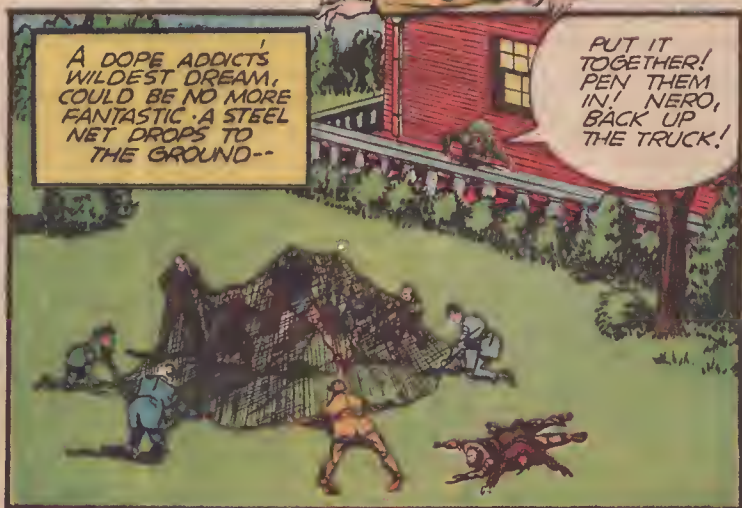
THIS IS GETTING SCREWIER EVERY MINUTE--THE QUESTION--MARK MUST HAVE SOME HYPNOTIC INFLUENCE OVER THESE NUTS!



THE NET, YOU FOOLS!
USE THE NET!

A DOPE ADDICT'S WILDEST DREAM, COULD BE NO MORE FANTASTIC--A STEEL NET DROPS TO THE GROUND--

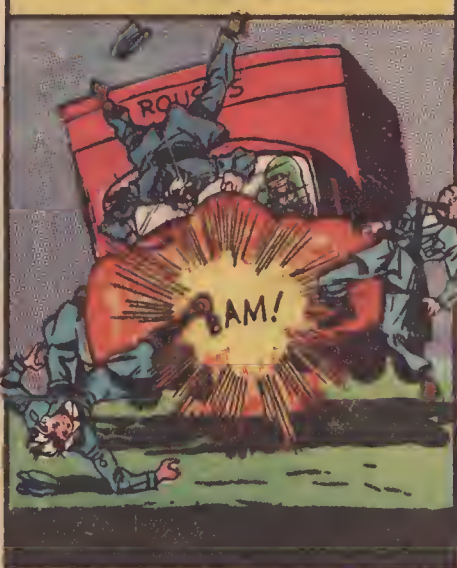
PUT IT TOGETHER!
PEN THEM IN! NERO, BACK UP THE TRUCK!



KING!
POLICE ARE COMING!

FASTER!
INTO THE TRUCK
ALL OF YOU!

A CLASH OF GEARS AND THE JUGGERNAUT OF DESTRUCTION CRACKS A CRIMSON PATH THROUGH THE POLICE RANKS---



INTO THE FADING EVENING RIDES THIS STRANGE TRUCKLOAD OF HUMANITY--FAR OUT PAST THE SUBURBS AND ALONG A WINDING DIRT ROAD WHICH FLOWS SNAKE-LIKE BETWEEN TOWERING MOUNTAINS--



THEN AT THE VERY TOP OF A WINDSWEEP MOUNTAIN PEAK, IT ENTERS THE COURTYARD OF A STRANGE ESTATE--



THE KING IS BACK!

JACK AND JILL WENT UP THE HILL TA-TE--TA-DA--

DROP YOUR LOLLIPOPS AND BRING THAT TRUCKLOAD INTO THE CONFERENCE CHAMBER--



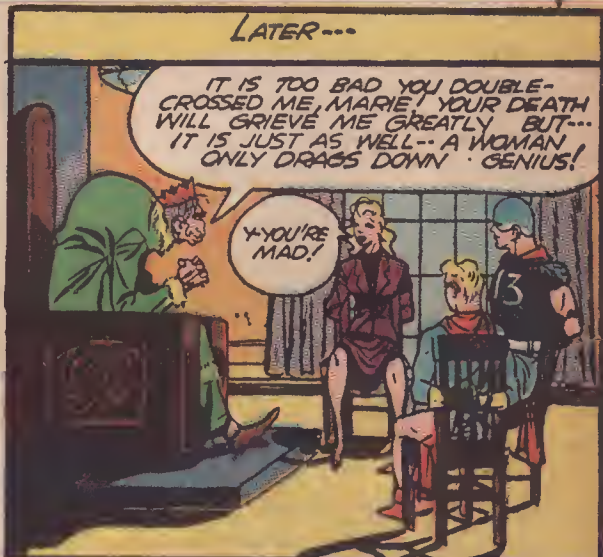
SH-H-H, DON'T TELL THE KING! BUT IF THIS IS THE NEW BATCH OF LOLLIPOPS I WANT ALL THE ORANGE ONES!



LATER---

IT IS TOO BAD YOU DOUBLE-CROSSED ME, MARIE! YOUR DEATH WILL GRIEVE ME GREATLY BUT... IT IS JUST AS WELL-- A WOMAN ONLY DRAGS DOWN GENIUS!

Y-YOU'RE MAD!



WHAT DO YOU EVER EXPECT TO ACCOMPLISH WITH THOSE INSANE PEOPLE? THEY'LL BE RUNNING OFF AND GETTING PICKED UP BY THE POLICE--YOU WON'T LAST A WEEK IN THIS MOUNTAIN HIDE-OUT!

HAR! YOU'RE WRONG, THIRTEEN--WE ARE THE SANE ONES--LIKE HITLER, MUSSOLINI! WATCH, I'LL SHOW YOU!



THIS IS MY HITLER!
HE PAINTS PORTRAITS, MOVES
AROUND IN SOCIETY! EVERY-
ONE THINKS HE'S CRAZY!
HAR! HE BRINGS ME MORE
VALUABLE INFORMATION FOR
THEETS THAN ANY
G-MAN COULD!



NOW MEET LORD HAW HAW,
MY PROPAGANDA EXECUTIVE--
MAD YOU SAY! PERHAPS--
BUT HIS FLOOD OF
LITERATURE IS BEING READ
BY THOUSANDS IN THE
SLUM DISTRICTS---THE
MIND IS SUCH AN EASY
THING TO WARP AND
MOLD AS YOU WISH!



DOWN WITH
EATING, SLEEPING,
DRINKING--

MEET GOBBELS!
MY ADVISER IN
CROOKED INVESTMENTS,
BANKING, POLITICS,
ETC--

MY
ADVICE
TO YOU
IS THIS--



MARK,
APPOINTED
YOU--
STAND
A C...
IN CIV...
HE CAN
EVEN SPEAK
CORRECTLY!

OH NO?
I'LL SHOW
YOU!



RELEASE THIS
SWINE! WE'LL HAVE
A DEBATE-THIRTEEN V.S.
GOBBELS, BUT KEEP HIM
WELL GUARDED, DOGS,
OR ELSE -



TELL ME,
GOBBELS, WHAT
DO YOU THINK
OF THE
ECONOMIC
SITUATION?

RIDICULOUS!
THERE NEVER
WAS SUCH
AN ANIMAL!



CASUALLY, THIRTEEN
FINGERS A GAVEL--

PERHAPS!
BUT WHAT
ABOUT THAT
NEW ANIMAL
PROSPERITY?

THAT
LIGHT--
IF I
CAN--



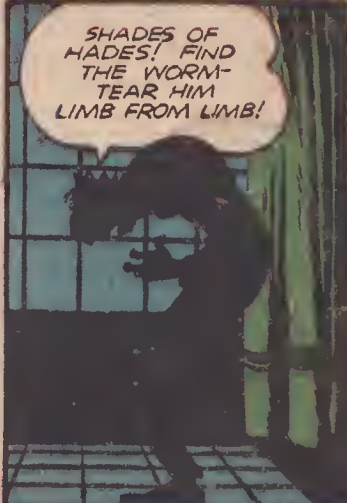
WITH A WHIP-LIKE MOTION, THIRTEEN
SUDDENLY SPINS ABOUT!

BLACK
OUT!

WHA--



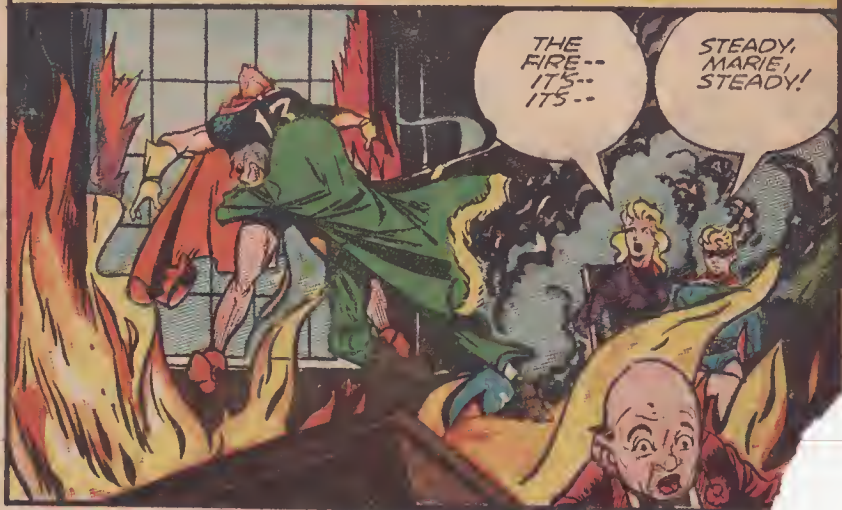
SHADES OF
HADES! FIND
THE WORM--
TEAR HIM
LIMB FROM LIMB!



A SPUTTER-A BLINDING BLUE FLASH, AND A SHORT CIRCUIT THROWS THE CHAMBER IN DARKNESS. FLAMES LICK OUT GREEDILY FROM NEARBY CURTAINS--



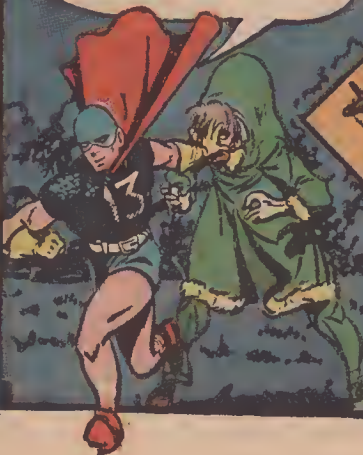
AS THIRTEEN RUSHES TO THE ASSISTANCE OF MARIE AND JINX, THE QUESTION MARK PITCHES HEADLONG FROM THE PLATFORM--BACK THEY CRASH THROUGH ROARING FLAMES!



AND THROUGH THE CHAMBER WINDOW--



THE HOUSE! IT'S A ROARING INFERNO! HOLD ON MARIE, JINX, I'M COMING!



BUT NOW WE MUST LEAVE THIS TERRIBLE SCENE--THOUGH HARD IT IS TO PART WITH OUR FRIENDS IN SUCH HOPELESS STRAITS--BUT THERE CAN BE A WAY OUT--THERE MUST--

CHAPTER THREE

Your CHRISTMAS Daisy READY

LOOK 'EM OVER NOW!



Shoot a GOLDEN Banded 1000 SHOT RED RYDER Saddle CARBINE



DAISY TARGETEER PISTOL



DAISY SINGLE SHOT — holds only 1 shot at a time. Lever action. **\$1.50**

NICKELLED 500 SHOT REPEATER — All metal parts nickel-plated. A repeater. **\$1.95**

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WITH 16 INCH LEATHER SADDLE THONG

Red Ryder

USE DAISY BULLS EYE SHOT

BIG JUMBO TUBE

5¢

2.95

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The gun that's fun for the whole family! Targeteer Pistol, 500 shot, spinning "birdie" targets, 75 target \$2 cards, back-sight, complete

DAISY AIR RIFLES

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love the public domain
love to share

a jeff ~~cannell~~ edit

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